

Dominion Of Love

(1975/1991)

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(scroll past the photo for lyrics and more)



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(This single track 10:00 demo mp3 was originally uploaded on February 9, 2005)

High seas claim our hearts tonight
The Crescent Moon is shining bright
White waves crash hard against the bow
We count the stars and feel a city move
I've got no more love to prove
Still I will take this sacred vow

Wave goodbye to Jerusalem
Our future lies over sunset's rim
There can be no turning back now
Cathedral spires will rise up and kiss the sky
For this romance that can never die
So let these wet sheets swaddle our pain
Tomorrow's sun will dry the rain

This Mutiny's between You and I
We'll rewrite the Priesthood's Lie
If we can survive this wine-dark rage
Soon after Solomon's Second Temple falls
Leaving just one Wailing Wall
They'll see that God's Plan has flown their cage
So throw your Seventh Veil to the wind
Wear your Wedding Dress again
Let our Courtship Dance dawn the New Age
All I ask is that you pledge your True Love
Give me your Marriage Hand
Come touch my boyhood face, Twilight Woman
Make me a Many-Coloured Man

Round and round
Feel a blue abyss thrust under me
Bottomless mystery
We could drown
Within this ancient swirling sea
Love-potion misery
Counting down
We'll hold the climax to eternity
For all to see
Steering by the Pole Star
See the Two Wagons turn
Our compass spins wildly through this tempest we churn
Nightwinds cool the northsky
With borealis in flight
We conceive our first born under an enigmatic light

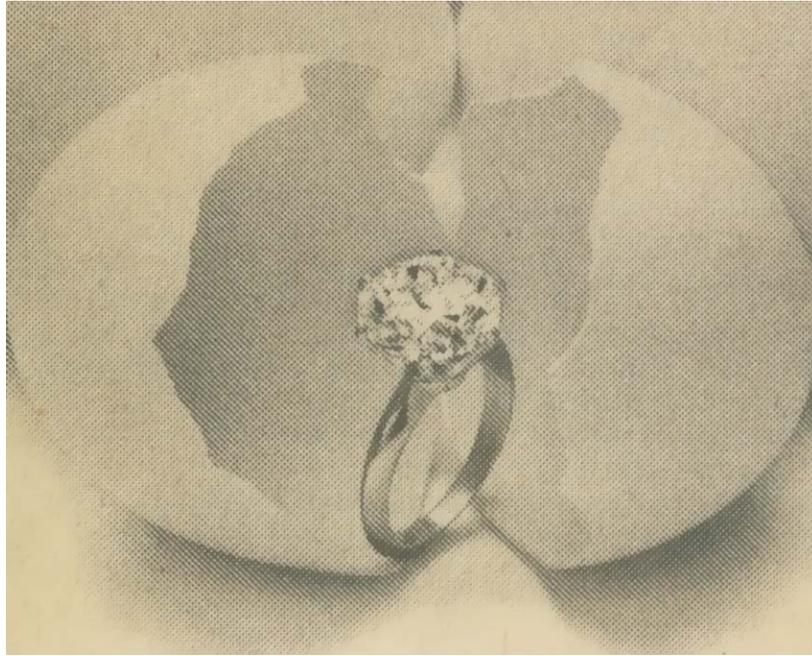
When it began in Galilee
I thought I could set their minds free
Heaven's Light was just around the bend
I wanted to wake them from their sleep
Teach them how to take the leap
Make fresh beginnings from a dying end
"Learn of the past but look ahead," I said
"Leaven your lives with my daily bread
Take eat: these words are your best friend"
But then the Sanhedrin claimed that I was Satan's Tool
A Blasphemer riding Zechariah's Mule
"Woe to the Shepherd who misleads our Flock," they warned
"Beware this Prophet who would Roll the Rock"

Near David's City I recall
The Garden where I took the Fall

Your sad song sang deep inside of me
I walked among the lilies there
Dreaming of your face so fair
Then I sat beneath an olive tree
And that's when I first realized
It was you, not me, the priests despised
For your work was raising women's needs
So when you led me from that Hell-Harrowing Tomb
I knew that *WE* must be the Next Ministry
Someday it will come to pass in our Western Paradise
A place where Truth can reign in peace

When we arrive I'll blow a Ram's Horn to the East
For the Greatest and the Least
A Beacon Call
An invitation for all them all
To come join our New World Feast
We'll resurrect a Heavenly Kingdom with that sound
The Far Country found
Deer will browse through the Garden
Our boy will play on the beach
His mind gently branching from the wisdom that we teach
July's Sun will blaze down till the Spring Corn is sweet
Then we'll harvest Summer's Song in our bleached hair and bare feet

I've followed the Guiding Flight of Three Wild Geese
Sailing Westward in search of God's Peace
I left with the Promise of Returning One Day
But the Love of Freedom got in my way
So in the True Spirit of that Otherworld Call
I'm Bearing New Knowledge for the Progress of All
Opening my Mind with Treasure to Share
Of a Golden Age Coming that's Just and Fair
The Culture I'm Bringing is a World Jubilee
A whole 'nother page of Human History
We'll Rule the Planet with Science and Art
And no World Wars will drive us apart
An End to the Tyranny, an End to the Lies
An End to Illiteracy and Starvation Cries
By Balancing Power between Women and Men
A Mutual Adventure begins again
Carrying our Paradigm to all of the Earth
In Hopes of Inspiring a Creative Rebirth
We'll Christen the Coming
An Aquarian Way
A Dominion of Love that's Here To Stay



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“Dominion Of Love” is a controversial song my great grandfather Japheth (“Boston Jack”) Kern composed for his marriage ceremony on July 20, 1851, singing it to Jenny Fitzgerald, a budding suffragette from Seneca Falls, New York (see p. 39 of Veritas Caput’s [Book Of Life](#)) on a ridgetop overlooking Lake Superior near the fissure mining hamlet of Copper Falls, Michigan. I suppose there is enough theological heresy in Japheth’s poem to offend any number of Christian, Jewish or Muslim sects on the planet then or now, but it was actually a brief “procreation myth” verse which “climaxed” near the poem’s center that brought out an involuntary audience response of gasps, titters and even a hand-clapped hoot & whistle from some wag at the back of the curious crowd who’d noticed Jenny’s “baby bump”. Nor was Japheth above adapting his wedding nuptials poem years later as a way to help promote passage of what eventually became the [1862 Homestead Act](#) (which, just for the record, President Kennedy declared during a 1962 commemoration of its centennial “the single greatest stimulus to national development ever enacted”) for at some point Japheth submitted Jenny’s Victorian Age translation of his Cornish lyrics to New York City’s “Democratic Review” (partly in response to a preposterous October 1859 editorial What Can Be Done With The Mormons?), but by then John L. O’Sullivan’s former literary magazine was in the process of folding and “Dominion Of Love” came back to Copper Falls unopened. Japheth wasn’t a Mormon as some of the verses may suggest, but rather a peculiar messianic hybrid of Cornish Methodist, New England Transcendentalist and Stukeleyean Druid, committed to a metaphysical principle that Nature was not only the “Teacher of Man’s Soul” but that Nature’s vast network of symbols and the very secrets of the Universe itself could be expressed through poetic thought. It’s possible he may have also been inspired by the so-called “Christ Tablets” being unearthed around then by Fathers’ Soper and Savage in various lower Michigan locales. Originally placed in storage at

Notre Dame, the clay plate “Soper-Savage Collection” is now warehoused at the Mormon Archives in Salt Lake City.

After nearly 50 years of family tranquility, Japheth and Jenny’s youngest child, my grandfather Jefferson, resurrected “Dominion Of Love” to help lobby for passage of the Forest Homestead Act by placing his Elizabethan take on the song as an Epilogue to his ill-fated “The Gospel According To Will”. Jefferson Trelore Kern’s first and only play, suggested at the time by some to be Shakespeare’s lost last tragicomedy, was performed but once followed by an earthquake of audience uproar and subsequent scandal at an April 18th, 1906 Wednesday matinee on the celebrated stage of the Calumet Theatre.

Not to be outdone, on my 40th birthday in 1991 I hiked up to the balcony perimeter of that boreal heath overlooking Great Sand Bay and completed my own “Aquarian” translation of Japheth’s 1851 “Marriage Song” from the original Cornish into a simple guitar piece of the same name when I read in Grandpa Jefferson’s journal that its premiere wedding performance at Copper Falls occurred exactly one century before the day I was born.

Christus aeternus verus propheta ab initio mundi per saeculum currens

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